



Beside Still Waters



Lisa A. Fletcher

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BESIDE STILL WATERS

BESIDE
STILL WATERS

LISA A. ^{*Lise*}FLETCHER
"

NEW YORK
A. D. F. RANDOLPH COMPANY

1899

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*As oft beside a quiet shoal,
The violet flower we find,
So by still waters of the soul,
The blossoms of the mind.*

*Yet life hath set a silent seal,
To springs of deepest thought,
And words but only half reveal
The blossoms that we sought.*



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PURPLE and blue in soft array,
Over the meadows green of
the May,
Violets are kneeling as if to pray.

A brook with the shining blue of the sky,
Singeth its musical lullaby,
While softly the Violets stir and sigh.

And to the radiant mosses cling,
And bits of daintiest color fling
Over the grasses wavering.

List as they whisper soft and slow,
To the mother heart of earth below,
Where all sweet blossoms spring and grow !

List to the bird in yonder tree,
Pouring his heart out glad and free
To the winsome Violets merrily!

The while as the breezes softly blow,
Light drifts of clouds their shadows throw
Over the meadows to and fro.

O little Violets dainty and fair ;
One briefest hour O let me share,
The spirit of your sweetness rare !

WORK



WORLD wide comforter of men,

Thy name is work !

O, for the sad of spirit, when

Through vapors murk

Shines no softening ray of light,

And even hope

Seems touched with shadow and with

blight,—

Thy windows ope !

Ope outward to the rising sun,

While thy slow calm,

Doth steal until the day be done,

With soothing balm.

Steals o'er the throbbing heart of grief,

Its ache to dull,

And though the sunlight be but brief,

The storm doth lull.

O thou healer kind of woe

Amid life's gray !

When thou dost meet the spirit's foe,

Grief melts away !

BEAUTY



BEAUTY forever dwelleth deep
within,
Dependent not on years or less
or more

Her freshness still to keep, but o'er and o'er
Ever from her own essence grace doth win
To live perennial. So hath it been
The centuries through,—the heart that once
hath known

Her sweetness, and hath claimed her for
its own,

Hath always of her treasures generous store.
Though years steal on and mar the outward
form,

And through life's pulses creeps a wintry
chill,

Deathless she lingers, smiling for us still,
Keeping the heart's pulsations ever warm.
'Tis hers to give the soul a deathless spring,
And flowers that fade not in the blossom-
ing !

IN DREAMS, SWEET DREAMS



HERE the breezes kiss the
flowers,
Shyly hiding in May bowers,
And sway the tender grasses to
and fro;
Where the buttercups and daisies
Wind about in endless mazes,
There in dreams, sweet dreams, I love to go!

Where the brooklet as it glideth,
Ever seaward slippeth, slideth,
With the tinkle, silver tinkle of its song;
Where the willows drooping lowly
Wave their slender branches slowly,
There in dreams, sweet dreams, I linger
long !

Where the restless tide of ocean
Sets its white waves in commotion,
And rushes to the golden shining shore ;
Where the sea gull swiftly soareth,
Or the cold gray rocks exploreth,
There in dreams, sweet dreams, I flit once
more !

Where the sunset glows the strongest,
And the twilight lingers longest
Adown the gold and crimson curtained
west;

Where the birds with sweetest singing
Set the fields and woodlands ringing,
There in dreams, sweet dreams, I wander
blest !

Where the mountain peaks empurpled,
By the rugged pines encircled,
Lift far their crests unto the azure sky;
Where the falling water dasheth,
And the eagle proudly flasheth,
There in dreams, sweet dreams, I love to fly!

AMONG THE TREES



LEAVES inwoven in tangled
wreathes above,
A green, green mist beneath a
sky of blue,
With here and there a blossom showing
through,
And clouds—whose softness emulates the
dove—
Drifting and throwing shadows as they
move.
Low, whispering winds which into new
life woo
Frail flowers of many a rainbow hue,
And 'mid the tremulous branches songs of
love.
Fragrance exhaling through the windblown
space
Pervasive, yet elusive as a dream :
Upon the tender leaves a golden gleam,
And form and color traced with delicate
grace ;
And rippling down the vale a silver stream
Whose music breathes enchantment through
the place !

A SHRINE



HAVE a shrine reared deep
within a heart,
And thither flit I oft away,
When I would bid my grief de-
part,
And find the May.

My shrine hath wealth which far exceedeth
gold,
No life apart from it have I,
And when I would my thought unfold,
Thither I fly.

No joy or pain but finds an echo there,
No tender word but finds its twin,
And wins in finding grace more fair,
For joy of kin.

O shrine beloved ! forever sweet and dear,
Life, breath, what were they missing thee !
Only a desert dark and drear,
A trackless sea !

UNATTAINED



THE hills that seem the dearest
Lie far away,
The songs whose notes ring
clearest
Are not today.

The blossoms that are fairest
Hide from our sight,
The beauty which is rarest
Seeks not the light.

The bird of sweetest singing
Is hid and shy,
The bugle-call is ringing,
But far and high.

The joy with promise surest
May yet be chilled,
The wish which seemeth purest
Be not fulfilled.

Ideals most we cherish
Be unattained,
Hopes that are fondest, perish
Ere they are gained.

Yet if the pure ideal
We seek afar,
Be ne'er to us the real,
Only a star,—

Still he who aye pursueth
The noblest, best,
The far peaks nearest vieweth
Of his high quest !

NATURE, MY TEACHER KIND



NATURE hath been my teacher
kind of old,
And as more and more her
wonders I behold,
And she with clearer sight anoints mine
eyes,
I see how simplest things may hide a sweet
surprise :
How close her treasures lie about the feet,
Forever growing fairer and more sweet,
As her subtler mysteries one learns to read,
And to near accustomed ways gives heed.

I read with joy the mountain's misty sign,
With joy list the breathings of the
pine,
While far within the April waiting woods,
Where delicate ferns take off their winter
hoods,
The first shy blossoms of the early spring,
Give ever to my spirit quickened wing,
And happy songs of glad returning birds,
Make music in my heart too sweet for
words.

Nor less for summer with its wealth of
bloom,
My soul for rapturous joy hath room,
When fragrance with which spring flowers
are rife
Seems to creep into Nature's larger life,
And from green meadows, or low inter-
vales,
The scent of new-mown hay deliciously
exhales,
And the fragrant water lily white and cool,
Haunts the still stream, or limpid woodland
pool.

What time October's banners flame abroad,
And the shy gentian creeps o'er the flower-
less sod,—
Flowerless save for the aster by the brook,
Or tardy goldenrod in sheltered nook,
When poet bluebirds in low warblings sing,
And make one half believe it is the spring,
Again I seek the peace of woodland ways,
And breathe the beauty of autumnal days.

And when winter wreathes all the earth in
white,
To seek the woods is still a dear delight,

And watch the sunset's last departing gleam
Flash along the windings of some frozen
stream,
While far above from some tall, leafless tree,
Falls the bright music of the chickadee,
And in the quiet of secluded dells,
Snowbirds shake out their tiny, tinkling
bells.

Dear Mother Nature, forever let me be,
Through all life's mazes, a follower of thee !
For something sweet hast thou for every
mood,
A medicine to do the spirit good,
If but it learn to listen to thy voice,
And in thy simplest treasures to rejoice,—
Remembering that thou art still the same,
When humans pass and only leave a name !

BABY MAY



SHINING eyes and silken curls,
With a golden ray,
Daintiest of all wee girls,
Oh, that is Baby May!

Busy hands and busy feet
All the livelong day,
Kisses warm and soft and sweet,
Oh, that is Baby May!

Witching voice and witching smile,
Which win love alway,
Something that doth hearts beguile,
Oh, that is Baby May!

Rosy mouth and dimpled cheek,
Where the sunbeams stray,
Tiny fingers clasping meek,
Oh, that is Baby May!

Laughter sweet and gurgling clear
In a silver spray,
Like low music to the ear,
Oh, that is Baby May!

Winning ways, and wooing words
Sweet as angels say,
Songs which ripple like a bird's,
Oh, that is Baby May!

MY MESSENGER

"I even note the way of clouds
If thitherward they go,—
I love thee so."



WATCH a lonely little cloud
Go sailing, sailing o'er the
blue ;
Southward it takes its airy
way,—

My thought it thither follows too.

O, fleecy cloud, so high, so far,
So free to traverse realms of space !—
Wilt thou not catch me up to thee,
That I may once more see his face?

He dwelleth by the river's side,
Beyond yon mountain's purple rim,
And if I may not flit with thee,
Yet take this message sweet to him.

Oh ! bear it in thy fleecy folds,
Thy garment's folds so pure and white,
And when the sunset fades and dims,
Low lay it at his feet to-night !

HEIGHTS OF FAITH



THE heavenly, heavenly Heights
of Faith !

Where the pilgrim his burden
leaves,

And shadows of night,
Seem halos of light,

Encircling the spirit that grieves.

O the heavenly, heavenly Heights of Faith !

Where fountains of love overflow,

And a glory streams,

From His radiant beams,

Down into the valley below.

O the heavenly, heavenly Heights of Faith !

Where sweet songs at evenfall rise,

And waft on the air,

The incense of prayer

Far, far to the gold of His skies.

O the heavenly, heavenly Heights of Faith !

Where Peace with its folding wing,

Doth touch with its grace

Pale Sorrow's sad face,

And Hope's softest chimes ever ring.

O the heavenly, heavenly Heights of Faith !
Where ever the spirit burns bright,
 Where flowers ever bloom,
 And light bursts the gloom,
And heaven lies always in sight !

ALL IN PALE MIST IS THE WORLD



LL in pale mist is the world,
All in a garment of white,
Snow drops which winter im-
pearled,
Fall from a shadowy height.

O floated they out of the spring,
Out of the sweets of the May,
These pallid petals a-wing,
Which fall in feathery spray !

O then it was white of the flowers,
O now it is white of the frost,
O then it was wooing of showers,
O now the snowflakes are tost.

All in a mist and a maze,
All in a mystery of light,
Stand the trees in a phantom of haze,
Transfigured in beauty and might.

O drifted, billowy flakes !
O winds which wintrily rise !
The winter her blossoms outshakes,
From the pallor of storm bleached skies !

TO A ROSEBREASTED GROSBREAK



LIKE radiant blossoms in sweet
quest,
Of wings for airy flight,
The rose tint rests upon thy
breast,

The lily's stainless white !

Of all bird-kind most rare and dear,
Thou movest my spirit's deeps,
The wingèd angel of the year,
Whose joy Love softly weeps.

Touching thy harp of song so sweet,
The heart forgets its grief,
As the music falleth at my feet,
Soft as a wind blown leaf.

Many a song dost thou give me,
Falling in silvery shower,
Setting my spirit winging free
Far, far beyond the hour.

Nor word nor any waft of song
Is mine thy praise to sing,
For to fairer heights dost thou belong,
And earth songs have no wing !

TO O. T. M.



HERE'ER in wood or field thy
 footstep strays,
 Thou woorest secrets of the
 shyest bird,
And through the enchantment of thy word,
He lives forever through unending Mays.
A true interpreter of his ways,
Thy spirit through love of him is stirred
To con sweet stories hitherto unheard,
Which from his leafy covert he betrays.
With almost mystic grace 'tis given thee
The wingèd children of the air to know,
And most sweetly dost thou call them
 friends,
And others lead to see as thou dost see,
And follow whithersoever thou dost go,
Until the birds' life with our own life
 blends !

THE RIVER OF PEACE



THE River of Peace 'twixt quiet
banks,
Flows gently to the mighty
sea,
Through calm and storm its depths serene
Seem breathing of eternity.

And whoso seeks its peaceful shore,
Or sails its waters pure and deep,
Shall drink rich draughts of breaths divine,
And be comforted though he weep !

A SEA SONG



ON the pebbly beach,
Far, far from the reach
Of human traffic and toil ;
I list once more
To the surging roar
Of the waves in their wild turmoil.

And daily I win
When the tide comes in,
Fresh pictures for memory's wall ;
Or a stray bit of thought,
From the white spray caught,
As it tumbles adown to its fall.

And softly each day,
The breeze bears away
Some lingering grief or pain ;
Or the sea wind moans,
And kisses the stones,
While exulting I list the refrain,—

And wander far o'er
The wave-washed shore
In search of a stray bit of moss ;
Which borne on its breast

From deep gardens of rest,
Old ocean doth upward toss.

Or pluck from the sand
Of the shining strand,
Bright pebbles of brown and gold ;
Which tossed by the waves
From watery caves,
Mysterious tales unfold.

Or watch a ship's sail,
As it loometh pale,
Above the horizon's rim ;
Or the osprey rise
From the sea to the skies,
Or over the water skim.

Through the rose-tint of dawn,
The sea throbbeth on,
Forever in the old-time way ;
Through the golden light,
And the shadows of night,
It tosses its foamy spray.

And I linger and seem,
As one in a dream,
And soar with the white gull's wing ;
And my heart fills with song,
And memories throng
With the rushing waves as they sing !

MAYFLOWERS



AIR firstling flower, sweet is the
hour,
When from the leafy mold,
Through pearls of dew, through
gray and blue,
And white of wintry cold,
'Neath April's wing thy life doth spring,
Thy pearly buds unfold !

If of heaven's frown, snows weave a crown,
Thy beauteous buds to hide,
If winter lies in April skies,
And storm winds rudely ride,
Till sunshine sure, thy spirit pure,
In loving faith doth bide !

I THINK OF THEE



THINK of thee, O Love ! when
slowly creeps
O'er purple hills, the golden
light of day,

I think of thee in sunset's parting ray,
And in the midnight hush of starry deeps.
Where the tender dew-pearled violet sleeps,
And sweet spring blossoms breathe their
life away,
Where birds drop golden songs from spray
to spray,
And changing color all the landscape sweeps,
I think of thee. When Autumn's splen-
dors fall,
Or crystal snowflakes fold the earth in
white,
When angel wings seem brooding over all,
And heavenly music gives the spirit flight,
Then, as in all life's pictures dark or bright,
A thought of thee doth still my heart en-
thrall !

THE MUSIC OF NATURE



URMUR soft lullabys, whisper-
ing breeze,
Peal thy deep organ tones,
winds in the trees,
Lisp thy faint choruses, voices of night,
Leap o'er thy chasms, brook seething
white!

Chant thy loud anthems, storm driven sea,
Hum thy heart's dreamfulness, honey
bound bee,
Pour forth thy love songs, bird on the wing,
Ripple thy wavelets, blue lake of spring.

Mingling sweet harmonies of earth and of air,
Drifting her worship of praise and of
prayer,
Nature her minstrelsy wafteth abroad,
Lifting the spirit upward to God.

UNDER THE ARC LIGHT



WITH quickened step they home-
ward go

Over the pavements to and fro;
Some with sighing, some with
song,

An ever moving, hurrying throng;—
Jostling, pushing to left and right,
Appearing and disappearing from sight,
Hearts of gladness, hearts of grief,
Passing as passeth the windblown leaf.

Women with faces weary and wan,
One glimpse and then forever gone;
Women of leisure, wealth and ease,
Seeking, mayhap, a whim to please;—
Men in clothing costly and fine,
Faces showing the marks of wine,
And men of faces hard and stern
With questionings how the bread to earn,—

Men in tatters, women in rags,
Sweet girl faces and loathsome hags,
Boys with shouts of frolic gay,
Blocking the overcrowded way;

Faces aglow with intellect,
Believers of every faith and sect,
All, all flash into the great white light,
And as suddenly fade into the night.

Ah ! what are the stories of these lives,
These human hearts, these husbands,
wives?
Could we turn the leaf and look within,
Might we not pity some who sin,
And turn with scorn from some away,
Who outwardly lift hands to pray ?
But they come, they come and they are
gone,
Forever sweeping and surging on ;
Their lives unwritten save there above,
Where One keeps record whose name is
Love !

O MOUNTAINS !



MOUNTAINS of eternal peace,
With beauty crowned and
heavenly light,
The spirit findeth glad release,
Beholding thy majesty and might!

Thy glory maketh life seem great,
And gives it glimpses of its goal,
As it riseth to a higher state
In exaltations of the soul.

The stars in silence from their height
Above thy purple splendor brood,
And bird and flower in beauty bright
Watch at thy feet in field and wood.

In mists of purple dawn and eve,
In glowing tints of cloud and sun,
When wandering winds around thee grieve,
Thy strength and beauty mingle one.

And evermore thy silent voice,—
Until it doth the spirit thrill,—
Breathes forth the message, "O rejoice
In strength, and be in sorrow still!"

AS UNTO HIM



TAND not in the full glare and
light
Thine alms to do ;
Do not thy high deed in man's
sight
His praise to woo.

But as to Him who unto thee
Hath given all,
In the true spirit of humility
Let thy deed fall.

And angels upon heavenly scroll,
There high above,
Shall trace, to clothe with grace thy
soul,
Thy deeds of love !

O JUNE, SWEET JUNE!

(FOR A WEDDING)

JUNE, sweet June, the birds are
singing,

The name is Love on thy banners green,

With music glad the woods are ringing,
And nests are hidden the leaves between ;O as thou hastest swiftly away,
Drop one sweet song to live for aye !

O June, sweet June, the flowers are blooming,—

The name is Faith they have written
where,Amid the grass or forest glooming,
Always we find them here or there,—O as thou hastest so swiftly by,
Drop one sweet flower which shall not
die !O June, sweet June, both song and flower
Shall linger long a beautiful dream,

When thou dost fold in one brief hour,
Two lives in love and faith supreme.
Sweet memories to the years belong,
For all *Love's* days have flower and
song !

A CHRISTMAS ROBIN



It was the week of Christmas and
joy reigned,
Or seemed to reign in every
heart I knew.

If in my own the gray o'ercast the blue
Yet still a semblance of content it feigned,
Lest hearts beloved should for its own be
pained,

And o'er their skies should fall the darker
hue.

Who would not give to love the season's
due

Though some sweet joy for self be unat-
tained!

Ah, wait! what was it flashed across the
light!

A robin? What bird of spring would
dare its flight

Above these wintry snows? I do but
dream!

And yet 'tis he, my summer bird of dawn,
I feast him with mine eyes, a flash, a
gleam,

A light, a Christmas joy, and he is gone!

BOOKS



N calm serene they wait for me,
My silent, high-born friends,
Breathing a pure fidelity,
Which makes my grief
amends.

Time writes no wrinkles on their brow,
Nor toucheth them with change,
As were they once, so are they now,
In spirit's flight and range.

Homer, Virgil, and Chaucer quaint,
Still touch their heavenly lyre,
Petrarch maketh still love's plaint,
And Dante's heart is fire.

Shakespeare with his magic wand,
And Wordsworth, Nature's bard,
DeQuincey by weird fancies fanned,
And Cowper sorrow-starred,—

With spirits more, a host sublime,
Which erewhile walked the earth,
Still touch the clouded heights of Time,
Where deathless thoughts have birth.

O books whose presence oft I seek,
In all life's gold and gray !
A wondrous language dost thou speak,
To cheer me on my way.

To lead me to that inmost shrine,
The sanctuary of the soul,
And whisper messages divine,
Of life's transcendent goal !

WHAT ARE THE SNOWFLAKES?



ARE they the spirits of beautiful
birds,—

Which sang erewhile their
songs without words—

Fluttering back to the home of their birth,
To hide for a space the desolate earth?

Are they the wings of white thoughts of a
heart,

Which once upon earth sang sweetly apart,
Mayhap by others unheard and unknown,
Which now from the skies are hitherward
blown?

Are they the flowers which were buried by
love,

Blooming immortally there above,
Whose petals soft, falling out of the cloud,
Weave for the earth a lily white shroud?

Are they the down of the angels' soft
wings,—

Lost in their paradise wanderings—
Which from unseen spaces falling abroad,
Delicately cover the dreary sod?

Ah, these are but fancies, and only I know
"There is nothing so pure as the beautiful
snow,"

When it spreads its softness as if for a
shield,

O'er mountain and valley, and forest and
field !

BOB-O-LINCOLN



SWEET bird hovering over
The grasses and clover,
And daisies goldhearted and
buttercups bright ;
Whatever thy fare be,
Thou seemest all care-free,
As if thy wee heart knew but sweetness
and light.

Now o'er meadows besprinkling
Thy musical tinkling,
Thy tender wing brushing the silvery dew ;
Nor skyward far sailing,
Where low clouds are trailing,
Winging thy way 'neath the infinite blue.

O bright Bob-o-Lincoln,
Full sweet 'tis to think on
Thy wonderful life so breezy and free !
In the feathery masses
Of tremulous grasses,
O is there a nest close hidden for thee ?

MICHAEL ANGELO



THOU of the four-fold soul majestic,
strong,
Illumined by heavenly light
within,

Winging life's unscaled mountain peaks
among,

A beauty omnipotent to win,—

From genius' altar fires 'twas given thee,

A coal to gather thrice and once again,

To give thee glorious ascendancy

Above the measure of thy fellow men.

Visions of unseen splendor thrilled thy soul,

Till through light ethereal thou didst see,

As writ upon a star-illuminated scroll,

The glory which set thy spirit free.

O thine were affinities with the unseen,

And shining down through centuries of
time,

Still burns thy spirit on two worlds between,

As through thy works colossal man doth
climb!

SLEEP



SLEEP lulls the heart and puts to
rest

The weary cares of day,
Earth's sweetest, dearest boon,
and best,

Wearing the smiles of May.

When Sleep steals on there falleth peace
And calm from out His skies ;
All life's unrest she maketh cease,
And drieth tearful eyes.

Who would not woo her gentle breath
Upon the eyelids down,
Alike forgetting life and death,
Earth's sunshine or its frown ?

OCEAN SKIES



TENDER waves that ripple across
a sea-sky floor,
Touching, touching, touching
upon a silent shore,
Mighty vessels bearing across the azure zone,
Sailing, sailing, sailing for some port unknown.

Tremulous gleams of color, where a white
sail drifteth slow,
Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing as the sun
it sinketh low;
Tiny skiffs and sail-boats what time the
breezes die,
Rocking, rocking, rocking where at anchor-
age they lie.

Sweet hopes that lie at anchor in the heart's
becalmèd seas,
Waiting, waiting, waiting for a freshening
breeze;
Thoughts that go a-sailing along life's
ocean sky,
Sweeping, sweeping, sweeping its utmost
boundary!

HIS QUEST



IN the broad highways of wisdom,
In the wider fields of thought,
Oft one weary long had lingered,
Yet found not the boon he sought.

Of the pre-historic ages,
Of the far-off days of eld,
He had studied, he had pondered,
Yet his vision ne'er beheld.

Once again afar he wandered,
Wandered up and wandered down
Through quaint far-off foreign cities,—
Where gigantic mountains frown.

Threaded lonely Alpine passes,
Plucked the lowly edelweiss,
Heard half sad the skylark's rapture
Dropped to earth from Paradise.

Till there dawned upon his spirit,—
Like a bright Elysian gleam,
Thrilling it with wondrous beauty,—
The tender vision of his dream.

All the high unrest and longing,
All the questionings of soul,
By Love's magic wand had vanished,
Found was now his spirit's goal !

IN THE SKIES



WHEN the cares of life are pressing,
ing,

Look away ! Look away !
Seek not here thy pain's redressing ;

By the breath of heaven's caressing,
Thou shalt find thy spirit's blessing,
Far away ! Far away !

When in grief thy heart moan maketh,
Look above ! Look above !
Light from out the shadows breaketh ;
He thy pain and sorrow taketh,
There is One who ne'er forsaketh,
Far above ! Far above !

Shines the Star thy life's sure staying,
In the skies ! In the skies !
All thy soul in light arraying,
All thy heart's deep wounds allaying,—
Thou shalt rise through pain and praying
To the skies ! To the skies !

THE HERMIT THRUSH



PURITY, purity!" the thrush
bird sings

In his wild, sweet, haunting
hymn,

And the music trembles and echoes and
rings

Through the aisles of the forest dim.

"O purity, purity!" he chanteth again

From his heart's pure depths within,
His life unloved, unnoticed of men,
Though he near to heaven hath been.

"O purity, purity!" Spirit of Love,

Through the tender heart of a bird,
The mystical music of heaven above,
Translated I have heard, I have heard!

AT LOVE'S BEHEST



HERE most is love there most
is pain;

Who loveth most hath grief
for guest,

And joy sings in a minor strain
At love's behest.

SPRING FLOWERS



HE little trembling flowers,
 That o'er the wood and field,
 For this old world of ours,
 Such gentle sweetness yield,—

Wait not the shining glory
 Of skies of gold and blue,
 To write the sweet old story
 Of faith and hope anew.

While April skies are weeping
 Through clouds of mist and rain,
 Their promised tryst still keeping,
 They bloom for us again.

Like tender thoughts of sweetness,
 Written by God's own hand,
 To crown the spring's completeness,
 They come a beauteous band.

What flower of man's protection,
 What pampered hothouse gem,
 Wins such true heart-affection,
 As the wild flower on its stem?

EASTER MORN *



TRAILING a path of shining
light,

Athwart the shadowy sky,
Two angels in glistening rai-
ment bright,

On soft, swift pinions fly

Toward yon weird hill of Calvary,

Beheld in distance dim,

Their faces rapt in ecstasy,

Their hearts athrill with Him.

The gloom of darkness hath surceased,

And melted into dawn,

See yonder pale light in the east!

Lo! the glory stealeth on!

Steals on with pure intensity

The resurrection Beam,

Unfolding the wondrous mystery

Of the world's Light Supreme!

*Suggested by Plockhorst's "The First Easter Morn."

TO A SUMMER CLOUD



DELICATE rover, hovering over
The scented clover and
• grasses free,
Blue skies veiling, pictures
trailing,
Breezes softly sailing thee.

Color glowing, garments flowing,
Shadows throwing over the lea,
Silver glintings, sunlit tintings,
Magical hintings of the sea.

Beauty moulding, wings upholding,
Angels folding their grace in thee,
Pearly whiteness, airy lightness,
Heavenly brightness thy vestures be!

GOODBYE, SWEET YEAR, GOODBYE



LOOKED abroad when the chill
day was dying,
And breathed a pensive sigh,
A few late, hurried birds were
flying
Athwart the autumn sky.

I looked at morn when sunrise cast its glory
Over the woodland scene,
And read nature's farewell story
The fluttering leaves between.

I gazed again when the sad day was dying,
And breathed a deeper sigh,
The latest bird was southward flying,—
Goodbye, sweet year, goodbye !

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND



I CANNOT understand this life of
mine,
The mystery of its changes
day by day;
I cannot see the hidden Hand divine,
Which moves and guides the shifting
scenes alway;
Yet through the light of faith I dimly see,
That all which He hath sent is best for me.

I cannot understand the grief and pain,
The sorrow and the anguish of the years;
I cannot see, alas, why falls the rain!
And some must look at life through mists
of tears;
Yet well I know that He in whom I trust,
In all His leadings must be wise and just.

I cannot understand why so much joy
Falls to the lot of some, while others weep;
I cannot see why some without alloy,
May drink of pleasure's draughts so full
and deep;
Yet well I know that joy, too, hath its place,
If He but deemeth best its smiling face.

I cannot understand the mystery of the love
Which sets the way, or glad or sad, for each;
I cannot see the One all other friends above,
 Who, wise and loving, all our need can
 reach ;
Yet well I know in His bright realms of air,
Him I shall see and all His mysteries share.

IN LIFE'S SUNSET

(TO D. C.)



AS one afar upon a mountainous
steep,
Lingeringly his weary footstep
stays,
Below into the valley's depths to gaze,
Where alternating lights and shadows sweep
O'er it as it dreamfully lies asleep,—
So backward thou from thy far height of
days,
May view the windings of Time's devious
ways,
And life's green vales where thou didst
smile or weep.

To-day the glory of the mountains lies
About thy sovereign soul in calms serene;
Strong for the truth when Justice to thee
cries,
Thy spirit's light transfigureth the scene ;
And so gently Time hath touched thee still
arise
Radiant dawns thy sunset skies between !

MY MOCKING BIRD



Y beautiful mocking bird sits on
his perch,
And I love to think of his cage
as a church,
Where he preaches sweet sermons day unto
day,
Of light in the darkness, of gold in the gray.

Sweet patience shines through the beau-
teous eyes,
And a wonderful story methinks in them
lies,—
Pictures of memory, the joy or the woe,
Which were his, mayhap, in the long, long
ago.

This dear little friend of my life maketh
part,
And touches the deep, deep things of the
heart,
But who shall translate the mystical word,
Which breathes from the spirit of one little
bird!

Sometimes his gaze seems resting afar,
As if he were following the lead of a star,
Or as if he were dreamingly striving to
 reach
The magical language we humans call
 speech.

O then his thought slowly blossoms in
 song,
Trembling and quivering sweetly along
The musical chords ever throbbing within
The beautiful breast, untainted of sin.

At dawntide, at noontide, at set of the sun,
Sermon and song both is he in one;
I watch and listen that I lose not one strain
Of the beauty and mystery of his life's
 refrain !

ALONE WITH THEE



ALONE with Thee when morn is
breaking,
And melts the shadows gray,
When in the glow of glad awa-
king,
In beauty dawns the day.

Alone with Thee when twilight creepeth
On shadowy wings apace,
When evening skies the starlight steepeth
In tenderness and grace.

Alone with Thee when silence falleth
O'er all who smile or weep,
When the low wind whispering calleth
To the hour of calm and sleep.

Alone with Thee in silent pleading,
One quiet hour alone,—
To ask Thy guidance and Thy leading,
When the spirit maketh moan.

Alone with Thee when skies are lowering,
And sorrow fills the air,
The sweetness of Thy grace imploring,
Life's burdens all to bear !

PRESCIENCE



CLOUD came darkling down the
air,—

I could not tell whence my
despair,

Till over fathoms deep of sea,
The mystery was revealed to me.

A light broke shining on my way,—

I could not tell from whence the ray,
Till, sweet as morning song of bird,
Love's message came with wingèd word.

GARDEN OR FIELD FLOWER



PLUCKED a flower of the garden,
I plucked a flower of the field,

And questioned which most of
sweetness,

Unto my heart should yield.

The flower of the garden faded,
And left no joy behind,
But the little withered field flower,
Left a picture in my mind.

For far in its home was the beauty
Of birds and musical streams,
Of pictures of woodland and meadow,
And mountains misty as dreams.

O wide were the skies that brooded
Over its mossy bed,
O pure was the breeze that kissed it,
And drank the fragrance it shed.

And again through my faded flow'ret,
I behold the beautiful scene
Of river and valley and forest,
And purple mountains serene.

And once more I hear the singing,
Through this wee blossom of mine,
Of the brook with its haunting music,
And the thrush with his song divine.

O wilding watered of heaven!
O'erwatched by the Father's eye,
Thou yieldest a lingering sweetness,
The garden flower doth but die !

SNOW SHADOWS



'ER the white fields of the snow,
Soft the purple shadows lie,
Winds may come and winds
may go,
Whispered breezes pass them
by,—

Still like spirits of a dream,
Shadows cast by ghostly sleep,
Half unreal do they seem,
'Traced upon the pallid deep.

'Traced upon the wintry shroud,
Which the heart of nature chills,
Unreflected of the cloud,
Which with glory sweeps the hills.

Leafless vine and lofty tree,
Obeying Phœbus' high command,
Body forth the mystery,
By their soft magician's wand.

Fairy pictures wrought with skill,
Winter's heritage of grace,
Beauty's mission to fulfill,
Pencilled for a fleeting space!

THE WAKENING YEAR



ALMOST a sight it is to make one
weep,
For pure joy weep, when softly
o'er the earth,
The year awakeneth to a glad new birth
From out its white and wintry folds of
sleep.
When pale-winged clouds sail over seas of
blue,
And bird songs float across the tender air,
And, like meek nuns with folded hands in
prayer,
Shy, hidden blossoms the grassy ways
bestrew.
When from its long and frozen sleep set free,
The noisy brooklet ripples down the glen,
And leaping o'er some rocky steep in glee,
Laughs out and hurries on to haunts of
men.
Ah ! sweet forever shall the season be,
Which brings these treasures of the spring
again !

LITTLE FEET



THE music of little feet,
Glad and sweet !
How they dance across the floor,
O'er and o'er.

Restless, active, all about,
In and out.
As by winsome fairies led,
Soft the tread.

Patter, patter everywhere,
Here and there;
Swiftly, joyously they go,
To and fro.

O the music ! who would miss
The tender bliss
Of tiny, toddling, dainty feet,
Soft and fleet !

THOREAU



WITH almost microscopic sight,
Nature's secrets shy and rare,
He read with vision clear and
bright,
Till homeliest objects blossomed fair.

To him as rich one spot of earth,
As to the eye untrained a mile,
And richer thoughts for him had birth,
Than for the wanderer to the Nile.

In dear familiar ways of home,
His quickened vision travelled far,
What cared he for St. Peter's dome,
When Nature set her door ajar !

The waters of lone Walden shone
In splendor like a tropic sea,
The mystery he had made his own
Of flower and stately forest tree.

'Mid leafy halls of some dim wood,—
His *prima donna* sweet a bird,—
A music fitting every mood
Wafted rapturously he heard.

For him the bleakest day could lend
A charm if but he walked abroad,
Some shy wild thing he wooed for friend,
And sought for treasures o'er the sod.

Unvexed by trivial social claims,
He never craved publicity,
Unworldly were his spirit's aims,—
His life a large simplicity.

GROWTH



DOST thou know the highest mission

Of each human soul ?

Wherein lies the blest fruition

Of heaven's golden goal ?

God appointed it ere ever

Oped to earth thine eyes,

Yet without striving shalt thou never

Cleave with it the skies.

How it beckoneth higher, higher,

With its shining hand !

The spirit of the heaven-born fire

Lies in its mystic wand.

But ere ever thou hast bound it,

Clasped it for thine own,

With life's thorns thou shalt have

crowned it,

And seeds eternal sown !

FERNS



IN simple garb of woodland green,
To clothe the lowly places,
Or some shy flower mayhap to
screen,
The ferns unfold their laces.

Some delicate and low and small,
The home of violets tender,
Some, waving high their banners tall,
Sweet services to render.

Some, children of the summer bright,
When touched by fingers hoary,
Change into spirits frail and white,
And end their sweet told story.

And other some on winter's breast,
Through pathless woods and meadows,
Still in their summer beauty drest,
Trace lovely shapes and shadows.

They fringe the borders of the brook,
And river swiftly flowing,
And many a shadowy, flowerless nook,
Wins grace of their bestowing.

To barren ledges pale they cling,
 The soul to thrill with wonder,
 Or in lone crevices upspring,
 Where rocks are rent asunder.

Like benedictions everywhere,
 We meet these graceful treasures,
 Alike their beauty all may share,
 Who heed life's simple pleasures!

LOVE



QF all life's blessings which we
deem most sweet,
Love is the bright, perennial
flower,
Without whose breath in sun and shower,
Our dearest joys would be but incomplete
Our sorrows have no haven of retreat.
Life's highest inspiration and power,
Love bequeathes rich fragrance for its
dower,
And joys undying which the years repeat.

Like some bright star within the skies of
night,
When clouded o'er they are with mist
and rain,
It buds and blooms with no reluctant light,
Along life's darkling path of care and pain.
Heaven-born, in paradise it blooms more
bright,
A flower which knows no earthly stain !

DAY IS DONE



AST falls the day, and twilight
steals

With shadowy wings apace,

Far, far a chiming bell soft
peals

Across the glooming space.

The throbbing heart of some wee bird,

With warblings low is sweetly stirred ;

The cricket chirps his joy of life,

And far above all care and strife,

The silent stars creep one by one,

And softly whisper day is done.

A PRISONED ANGEL



THERE are songs of the heart,
I ween,
Sweeter than any sung,
Delicate gems which lie unseen
The hidden things among.

There are lives as fragrant as the May,
By the wide world unknown,
Blooming in sweetness day by day,
Yet hidden and alone.

O there are thoughts, too deep for speech,
In fathomless depths of love,
Far buried where no eye may reach,
Save the Seeing Eye above.
And melodies in some lives there be,
Which find nor word nor voice,
Yet o'er which o'er the shining sea,
The angels bright rejoice.

O there are hearts who grief have known,
Bereft of love's caress,
Grieving for hours forever flown,
Living to others bless.

Unselfish, beautiful and sweet,
By unseen spirits led,
A path with cruel thorns replete,
With bleeding feet they tread.

There be in some two lives, I ween,
Two separate lives in one,
Which the soul hangs draperies between,
The world's cold eye to shun.
We see not the angel hidden there,—
As we tread our earthlier way,—
Which daily walks with us pure and fair,
Prisoned within its clay !

MOODS



ESTERDAY the stream of
thought ran swift,
And flowed in ripples strong,
And bore upon its downward
drift

Full many a happy song.

Today it sluggish moves and slow,
And clouds their shadows cast
Far in its torpid depths below,
As dark it slippeth past.

Yesterday birds sang free as air,
And flowers their fragrance shed
Beneath soft skies, cloud flecked and fair,
And leaves waved green o'erhead.

Today there is nor bird nor flower,
'Twas but the light within,
And earth is but a sheeted bower,
For spring long since hath been.

TWO WORLDS



HERE be two worlds of vast
infinity,—

The rolling earth which lies
about the feet,

In the round year glorious and complete,
And with its en zoning splendors free,
The high heaven's blue domèd canopy.
O lift the eyes above and they shall greet
Such harmonies of form and color fleet,
As shall thrill the soul with ecstasy.

What gem with rarer, purer lustre gleams,
Than drifting clouds of amethyst or gold,
Touched with the silvery softness of the
dove !

What radiance, what dazzling color streams
Through those heavenly spaces manifold,
In the beautiful cloudland world above !

DOUBT



LOVE hath wings and flies from
far,
Nor bolts nor prisons may
it bar,
One door, one only, shuts it
out,
The darkened, shadowed one of doubt.

BE NATURE'S GUEST



WOULDST cool thy brow, and ease
thy breast
Of care oppress?
Go seek some bright and gurg-
ling stream,
And idly fold thine hands and dream,
And take thy rest!

Wouldst find thee hope in some sad hour,
And quickened power?
Go seek where fall no sunlit rays,
And see how blooms in darksome ways
Some lonely flower!

Wouldst fill thy soul with heavenly cheer,
And breathe thee freer?
Go seek the mountain's purple shrine,
Where thrushes with their song divine
Bring heaven anear!

PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR



TIME hath shut the Old Year out,
Closed and barred his silent
door ;
He hath turned his face about,
To return again no more.

Seemed he for us friend or foe,
Gave he joy, or gave he pain,
Like a phantom fading slow
Goes he with his shadowy train.

Shadowy train of breathing hours,
Marshalled on the field of life ;
Fair as are the springtime flowers,
Or dark with conflict and with strife.

Blame him not, the poor Old Year !
But think of him a teacher true,
Through love and joy and falling tear
Lifting to the clearer blue !

IN RADIANT VISION



THOUGHT, in radiant vision,
One weary, weary night,
I saw the hosts Elysian,
And heard their songs in
light.

O they were so near me, near me,
It seemed as they would cheer me
In their heavenly flight.

O white their garments glistened,
O sweet their songs, and lo !
As, rapt, my spirit listened,
Hushed was its grief and woe.
O the music drifting, drifting,
All earth's sombre shadows lifting,
To its throbbings slow.

O saddened hearts and weary,
Have you not heard them too ?
When earthly skies grew dreary
Have not they come to you ?
Has not your grief been lifted, lifted,
As the music slowly drifted
Of angels down the blue ?

Yes ! with life below there blendeth
The songs of Paradise,
Our angel ones He sendeth
Out of the silent skies.
O they are often near us, near us,
With yearnings deep to cheer us,
And dry our tearful eyes !

GIVE THE WORD OF COMFORT
KINDLY

GIVE the word of comfort kindly,
To the wanderer o'er life's
main,
Groping darkly, sadly, blindly,
'Mid the shadows and the
rain.

Listen to his tale of sorrow,
From thy heart some music borrow,
Which hath echoed its refrain,
When for thee a sweet hope slain,
Touched the coming of each morrow
With the burden of its pain.

Speak in accents soft and tender
To weary pilgrims of the way,
Sweetest service seek to render,
Scattering blossoms of the May.
Give thyself with thy bestowing,
Let others see thy heart's o'erflowing,
Till with courage for the fray,
They meet the cloudy hosts of gray,
And in brighter sunshine sowing,
Reap richer harvests of life's day !

THE POET



AS if some angel called across the
space
Betwixt that higher and this
lower place,
And calling, calling, moved the soul that
heard,
Until it thrilled with music like a bird,
So is the poet with his heart of fire
Thrilled with the music of his heavenly
lyre.

The songs he sings he deems not all his
own,
When, like wafted breaths from worlds
unknown,—
Thrilling the soul with wonder deep and
strange,
That so it hath been granted such high
range,—
Harmonies which seem not all of earth,
In some rapt moment have Elysian birth !

SONG OF THE ORIOLE



WHEN the chilling winds abate,
And the sweet May opes her
gate,
From the south the oriole late

Cometh with his heart of fire,
And joyous 'mid the sylvan choir,
Strikes once more his golden lyre.

Sometimes, mayhap, upon the wing
His mellow notes he loves to fling
Into the tender heart of spring.

Sometimes close hid among the trees,
Where soughs and sighs the whispering
breeze,
He sings his glowing heart to ease.

And when the fields abroad are strewn
With fragrant blossoms of the June,
Still he cheerly flutes his tune.

Could pretty, pendant nests be made,
And dainty eggs therein be laid,
Were there no happy song for aid?

The magic of the morn and eve
In his lay he loves to weave,
E'en though sometimes sadly grieve

The over-brooding skies above,—
For only sweetest song may prove,
How dear, how beautiful is love !

.

DEAR LITTLE VIOLETS

(PARMA VIOLETS)



DEAR little violets, drooping so
lowly,
Breathing the breath of all
sweetest things!
Pure meditations tender and holy,
Are stirred by the touch of your purple
wings!

Sweet as the breath of the heart's adoration,
Wafted like incense upward to Him,
Humble, yet yielding a pure inspiration,
Which illumines the soul when faith
groweth dim.

Dear little violets, folded the fairest,
Whispering messages born of the May,
Of all sweet flowerets daintiest, rarest,
Crowning with brightness the shadowy
day!

STIR, STIR, O SOUL!



TIR, stir, O soul ! and stretch
thy wing,
Thy journey leadeth far,
Hearest thou the message of
the King ?

'Tis high as yonder star,—
Thy journey upward, heavenward lies,
Leave the plain and cleave the skies !

Up, up, O soul ! and cast behind
The sordid things of earth,
To higher visions be not blind,
But heed the heavenly birth,—
Thy journey upward, heavenward lies,
Leave the plain and cleave the skies !

Rise, rise, O soul ! be not dismayed
Should toilsome be thy flight,
Angels on thy side arrayed,
Shall be thy guiding light,—
Thy journey upward, heavenward lies,
Leave the plain and cleave the skies !

WORDSWORTH



N what fair fields celestial walks
 he now
Who, as he trod the lowlier
 ways of earth,
Found joy in e'en the humblest floweret's
 birth,
And songs immortal where sweet waters
 flow.
What crown have angels woven for the
 brow
Of him, for whom transfigured stood re-
 vealed
This world, what glory for him unsealed,
Upon his tranced vision wafted slow !
Do birds divine in heavenliest strain
Chant songs Elysian in that high estate ?
And lark and nightingale in glad refrain,
Still upon his lingering footsteps wait ?
Would thou couldst tell, Oh, bard, thy
 highest gain,
What makes thee there, than here, more
 glad and great !

TO THE MERRIMAC.



BEAUTIFUL, beautiful river,
Mirroring on thy silver
breast,
Many a bright and radiant pic-
ture,

Many a tender dream of rest.
Flowing onward through the forest,
Flowing downward through the glen,
Ever slipping, slipping seaward,
Past the busy haunts of men.

O beautiful, beautiful river,
Crystal river of shining grace,
Fashioning pictures in thy passage,
Ever with progress keeping pace.
Giving of thy heart's pure waters
Generously ever day by day,
Breathing the freedom of the mountains,
As thou flowest on thy way.

O beautiful, beautiful river,
Breathing of Nature's heart the life,
Beloved of bird and tree and blossom,
Serene 'mid human care and strife,—

O Hampshire hills were lone without thee,
O Hampshire meadows fold their green,
Soft loveliness more tender,
For shining of thy silver sheen.

O beautiful, beautiful river,
While man but rises and decays
Forever a haunting dream of beauty,—
Thine own sweet waters be thy praise !
Flow on bright river, river flowing,
And like a benediction sweet,
The coming years crown with thy glory,
As unborn centuries repeat !

HOPE



HEARTS ! who sadly, silently
grope
Amid the shadows of some
wintry night,
Whose depths, alas, obscure the spirit's
light,
Wait thou and watch for the sweet angel
Hope.
Mayhap a strength is hers beyond thy
scope,
And that winging gloriously her flight,
Soon she may crown thee with her shining
bright,
And glad new vistas for thy vision ope.

'Tis hers to give thy thought a golden wing,
The slumbering buds of promise to awake,
Till, like the wilding blossoms of the spring,
From wintry soil the flowers of joy shall
break,
And most musically the soul shall sing,
Forgetting all its sadness and its ache !

A SUNSET



OD'S finger touched the skies,
and lo !
From the transcendent glory
of His own,
From the unseen splendors of His throne,
Streams of dazzling radiance flow.

To show us what that Height may be,
One moment through the Golden Gates,
The Unbeholden on our vision waits,
And sets His lights celestial free !

HOW IT WOULD SEEM



WONDER, little bird, flitting
so free,
Could I, too, fly far up in a tree,
What I should see, and how it
would seem,
So high above valley and meadow and
stream !

By so much only as spreading the wings,
To sit under a canopy fairer than kings,
And no weariness feel, and no terror withal,
Of a crash through the branches, a tumble
and fall !

And I wonder, too,—O little bird bright,
How to you it would seem with no wings
for flight !

With only two legs as heavy as lead,
And nothing to lift you high overhead !

EVENING HYMN



WILL hide me in Thy shelter,
when the light of day
grows dim,

And the deepening shades of
twilight steal softly o'er
the land ;

Safely through the hours of midnight, I will
wait the morning's hymn,

For I know that Thou wilt keep me in the
hollow of Thy hand !

I will hide me in Thy shelter, where Thou
dost keep Thine own,

Safe anchored in a hidden calm from
life's unresting care;

Though I walk with pain and sorrow amid
the shadows lone,

I know that Thou wilt help me my bur-
dens all to bear.

I will hide me in Thy shelter till the storms
of life be past,

And I shall hear Thy silent call far o'er
the unknown strands ;

When this frail earthly life, slowly
ebbing out at last,
Finds glorious awakening among the
angel bands !

HAREBELLS



WING, swing over the rocks,
Delicate, airy bells !
Ring, ring for the fairy folks
Who hide in yonder dells.

Human ears can hear no sound,
Yet the fairy people round,
When the breezes softly play,
Hear thy pealing far away.

Swing, swing over gray stones,
Violet tinted flower !
Ring, ring ! the pine tree moans
Above thy summer bower.
When they hear thy tender bell,
Fairies know that all is well,
O haste the passing breeze to woo,
And ring thy bells across the dew !

MOTHERHOOD



THE blossom the sweetest that
bloomed in the May,
And over my heart the daintiest
lies,
Came from the beautiful far away,
Out of the glory, the light of His skies;
A tiny bud tender
From the home of His splendor,
Where never a flower bud withers and dies.

The blossom the sweetest, which thrilleth .
my heart
With tremulous joy too sweet for a
word,
Smiles with angels fair in a world apart,
When the waft of an unseen wing is stirred.
O heaven doth hold her,
With purity fold her,
And seraphic voices softly are heard.

The blossom the sweetest that One ever
gave,
With rapturous kisses I fold to my
breast,

And the joy of heaven my spirit doth
 lave,
For the fragile flower of Holy Ones blest.
 With tendrils soft twining,
 From the home of His shining,
Life's May blossom sweetest He hath sent
 for my rest.

TO THE VEERY



AS if from mountains golden, fair,
Of some far ethereal clime,
Thy soft reverberating chime
Falls throbbing on the air.

O bird divine ! thy song of songs
Thrills all my being with the bliss
Of the first rapturous, trembling kiss
Of love upon life's wrongs !

A wandering angel from the skies
Might sing like thee, no other could,
O wide through all the lonely wood
Thy vesper songs arise.

Of care and pain I take no note ;
I only hear that song divine,
I only know that heart of thine
Is trembling and afloat.

Sing on, sweet singer ! chant thy lay,
And the wild pathos of its strain,
All its purity and its pain,
Shall linger with me day by day !

GRIEF



GRIEF with swift tumultuous
sweep,
O'erswept life's mystic keys,
And crushed with woe a soul
drank deep
Of sorrow's bitter lees.

Love with rapture deep and strong,
The mystic keys o'erswept,
Thrilling the spirit so with song,
It smiled where it had wept.

IMAGINATION



SWEET voice softly calling,
As from some far-off deeps,
A strain of music falling
Upon a heart that weeps.

A fair and wondrous vision,
Which only spirit sees,
A breath of fields Elysian
Whispering through the breeze.

A star gleam in the gloaming,
A song sung in the night,
A thought through spaces roaming,
Bathed in a rosy light.

A strange and heavenly brightness,
Shining through rifted clouds,
A subtle sense of lightness,
As of the angel crowds.

A picture full of beauty,
Changing with every breath,
Brightening the path of duty,
Triumphing over death.

A world within created,
A glory never seen,
A joy which we have waited
Behind life's shadowed screen !

THE HIGHER LIFE



If thou wouldst live the larger
life,
And find thy soul its wings,
If thou wouldst rise above the
strife,
Where the spirit soars and sings,—

O drink deep draughts of heavenly love
From that pure crystal stream,
Which flows afar from God above,
In purity supreme.

WHAT WERE THE SUNRISE WITH-
OUT THE SHADE?

HAT were the sunrise without
the shade?

What were the day without
the night?

Over against the darkness is laid

The tremulous brightness of the light ;

Ah ! 'tis the dark makes welcome the day,

We should tire of the light if we had it
always.

What were the sunlight without the rain ?

What were the calm without the storm ?

After the shower the birds' sweet strain,

After the clouds the sunshine warm ;

Ah ! 'tis the shadow makes welcome the
shine,

We should tire of the sun were all the days
fine.

What were the blue skies without the gray ?

What were the gold without the gloom ?

After the winter cometh the May,

After the snow the song and the bloom ;

Ah ! 'tis winter makes welcome the spring,
We might weary of May if it never took
wing.

What were the joy without the pain ?
What were the smile without the tear ?
After grief's winter the Maytime again,
After the anguish love's sunshine and
cheer ;
Ah ! in life's skies day follows the night,
We might weary of joy if it *never* took
flight !

MY DEAREST LORD



Y dearest Lord, from whom all
sweetness flows,
Whose gentle hand along life's
path alway,

Doth ever lead me safely, day by day,
With Thee alone is peacefulness and repose.
E'en though I wander where the rough
wind blows,

Where all the skies are darkened by the
gray,

Still may I feel the balms of Thy sweet
May,

Safe folded in the calms Thy love bestows.
Through sunshine and through storm Thy
whispered peace,

Like softest music drifting on the air,
Soothes the tired spirit till its tumults cease,
And heaven's own restfulness it doth
share.

O Thou, dear Lord, art of all peace the
source

Whereunto Thy children have recourse !

O WISE LITTLE BIRDS



WISE little birds, how know
you when
To take far o'erhead your jour-
ney again,
From the chill north winds and the frost
and cold,
To where warmer suns are drifting their
gold?

O what is the mystery tender and rare,
Which leads and guides you, wee pilgrims
of air,
As hid in the folds of the nebulous night,
You wing through the skies your far away
flight !

Your voices of silver through midnight deep,
As they tremble adown the airy-blue steep,
Like a far off echo of fairyland seem,
And thrill the heart like a delicate dream !

O light is your bark, and your rudder frail,
So far through the fathomless skies to sail !
O'er the wide empyrean only led,
By one wee pilot winging ahead !

O wondrous forethought ! O wisdom un-
guessed !

Folded deep in a tiny, wee breast,
If the ways of thy life were unto me known,
O mayhap then might I fathom mine own !

FAITH



FAITH is a flower which opens in
the dark,
A song which skyward rises
like the lark,
A star which when the gold of daylight dies,
Serenely rises in life's evening skies.

Faith is a rock which shields us from
despair,
A wing which lifts above earth's pain and
care,
A light, a lamp which guides us all the way
Through death's dark portals to eternal day!

TO A FRIEND



THY love, beautiful as a star that
guides
A traveller o'er some desert
drear,
Gives to my life its kindest cheer,
And for its deep heart hungerings provides.
Through all the changefulness of life's
tides
Thy sweet, brave spirit through the
rounded year,
Though shadows fall seems never to
know fear,
But in the light of hope alway abides.
While toilsome many seem to find the way,
Light as a wing thy touch of Mother
Earth,
Thy harp of life with every morning's
birth
Sounding sweet chords which echo through
the gray.
Like some bright bird from out the heart of
May,
Which maketh music 'mid the winter's
dearth !

SLEIGH BELLS



WITH a tingle and a tangle,
All the sounds a seeming
jangle,
And a swinging backward, forward,
to and fro ;
On the frosty morning breaking,
Clear their silvery notes outshaking,
The sleigh bells are ringing o'er the snow.

How they set the nerves a-thrilling !
Through the heart a joy distilling,
Mingling music with the beauty of the day ;
As with slipping and with sliding,
Swiftly, softly, smoothly gliding,
With a song o'er the snow we drift away !

RARE MOMENTS



OD sometimes sends rare moments in our life,
When we rise above these earthly ways forlorn,
'These struggling, toiling days of care and strife,
And catch far glimpses of the golden morn.
A few quick flashes o'er the troubled soul,
A sudden gleam of hope where hope had flown,
Then follows peace so sweet the far off goal
Seems almost reached, and the worn pilgrim's crown.
What words may half express these flights of joy,
Which lift the soul as to a far off star !
'These calms, these rests no after storms destroy,
Which golden milestones make to heaven afar !
O, when of such sweet seasons we are blessed,
Less grievous seem life's turmoil and unrest !

LILY SHIPS



HEN fair Aurora softly wakes,
And the morn in beauty breaks,
Lo ! like lily ships they seem,
Beautiful as an angel's dream.

Drifting with the breezes slow,
With unfurled sails as pure as snow,
The fairy fleet with beauty rife,
Seems full of motion and of life.

But at high noontide of day,
Idly at anchorage they lay,
And when the day sinks to its rest,
Sleep folded on the water's breast.

O lily ships, so pure and white,
Out of the bosom of the night,
Fresh with the water's silver spray,
Thou sailest to the port of day !

Full welcome are the favoring gales
Which waft again thy snowy sails !
Still sail thou on and touch and dip
The water with thy fragrant lip !

ONCE MORE



ONCE more the sweet spring
draweth near,

Once more the days are long,
The sweetest time of all the year

Of bird, and flower, and song ;
Yet I a prisoner still must be,
For so, dear Lord, it pleaseth Thee.

Once more the breezes softly blow,
Once more the violets bloom,
And sweet arbutus, shy and low,
Breathes forth its rare perfume ;
Yet I content at home bide me
If so, dear Lord, it pleaseth Thee.

Once more the ferns their fronds unfold,
Once more the brooklets free,
In rippling music as of old
Glide onward to the sea ;
Thy world without is fair and sweet,
My world, dear Lord, is at Thy feet.

Once more the sweet-voiced birds are here,
Once more on happy wing,
Through sun and shade, and smile and tear,

Of spring-tide joys they sing ;
Yet o'er the silent years I tread
By Thee, dear Lord, still softly led.

Once more through songs that memories
bring,
Once more the spring I greet,
The bluebird and the robin sing,
And tales of love repeat ;
Perhaps life's sweetest joys come late,
And so, dear Lord, I watch and wait !

IN TIME OF DROUGHT



CLOUD in the east, let loose thy
soft wing,
And hither, O, hither, over
the sea,

Like a bird in its flight that hasteth to sing
To its love, its love in the greenwood tree,
O come, and thy magical music set free !

O spread thy wide pinions abroad to the
breeze,
Tarry, O, tarry not, but hasten thy
flight ;
The grasses, the flowers, the long patient
trees,
To cool their parched thirst, and heal
them their blight,
Are waiting to drink thy cool draughts
to-night.

Now with swift, steady strokes thou plow-
est the sky,
O nearer, still nearer art drawing apace,
While the hot breathing winds with strength
in their cry,

Touch thy dark wing with rich flowing
grace,
And sing thy victory swift in the race.

Ah, now a soft hush ! The wind's voice is
still !

O welcome, full welcome the gladsome
refrain !

O'er field, and o'er forest, o'er valley and
hill,

And meadow and mountain, and city and
plain,

Falls the sweet murmur of the musical
rain!

WOODBINE



RAILING along the dusty way-
 sides,
 Climbing o'er mossgrown
 lichenèd walls,
 Enwreathing weather beaten fences,
 Running o'er logs by waterfalls ;
 Encircling gray and gnarlèd tree-trunks,
 Creeping along some boulder's side,
 Clambering over rocky ledges,
 Flinging color generous, wide ;
 Clinging to old deserted houses,
 Making bright some desolate place,
 Covering all unsightly objects
 With its beauty, warmth and grace,
 With the gray and dark and sombre
 Weaving in its crimson leaves,
 All abroad bright pictures painting,—
 Thus the woodbine beauty weaves !

WATCH O'ER HER TENDERLY



WATCH o'er her tenderly, stars of
the night,
Sing to her sweetly, birds in
your flight,
Murmur sweet messages, fairy bells blue,
Whisper soft greetings, violets true !

Bend to her softly, lily buds white,
Drift o'er her dreamfully, rose petals bright,
Shine on her lovingly, fair silver moon,
Lisp thy soft music, breezes of June !

Years they are drifting into the past,
Life's lights and shadows o'er them are cast,
Time rings no changes love may not heal,
Faithful forever its music doth peal !

THORNS



O sweetest joy of life without its
thorn,"

Sighed one. "Oft as the spirit
plucks its prize,

A hidden thorn it finds within it lies,
Which showed not in the light of early
morn,

Within the leafy fold where it was born
Beneath the brooding of the open skies."

Ah, never grows the soul so wondrous
wise,

Howe'er so often of its sweet hopes shorn,
It doth not yet expect to pluck some day,
That flower of joy above all others fair,
Whose soft and silken petals fadeless cling,
And which, blossoming from the heart of
May,

Exhales exquisite fragrance on the air,
Folding the spirit in perpetual spring !

CHICKADEE, CHICKADEE



HICKADEE, chickadee !

Sing to thy lover, sing to me !
From yon leaf, deserted spray,
Sing, O sing thy blithesome lay !

Over and over repeat it for me,
“ Chickadee dee, chickadee dee ! ”

Chickadee, chickadee !

Sing thy song cheerly from vine and tree !
When the breeze stirs the chords of its lute,
Not long can thy happy heart be mute,
But brightly wafteth from tree to tree
“ Chickadee dee, chickadee dee ! ”

Chickadee, chickadee !

Sing when the gales are blowing free !
For very joy of a restless wing,
O that is the hour for thee to sing—
When the gales are blowing wild and free !
“ Chickadee dee, chickadee dee ! ”

Chickadee, chickadee !

Out of thine overflowing glee,
If the day be shade or the day be shine,
Or if thou do but sparingly dine,

Thou singest, as thou knewest naught
but glee,
“ Chickadee dee, chickadee dee !”

Chickadee, chickadee !
Ah ! now thy song hath a minor key !
And like some tender bird of the spring
Thy “Phebe” song I hear thee sing,
Yet after one touch of the minor key,
“ Chickadee dee, chickadee dee !”

Chickadee, chickadee !
Sing to thy lover, sing to me !
From yon leaf deserted spray,
Sing, O sing thy blithesome lay !
Over and over repeat it to me,
“ Chickadee dee, chickadee dee !”

OCTOBER



SLANT of sunshine glimmering
through the trees,
Intensifying with its amber
light,

The radiant splendor burning bright,
Which the spirit of October frees.

Almost like the glory of celestial seas
Glow the picture to the enraptured sight,
As the year, resplendent in her flight,
Weaves the enchantment of her mysteries.

As if wooing the spirit to her thrall,
Its sadness and its sorrow to allay,
Her latent forces summoneth she all,
For one final victory o'er decay,
One last grand struggle e'er her banners
fall,
And winter stern asserts his alpine sway!

MUSIC



WASTED on waves of rapturous
sound,

Which rose and fell in har-
monies divine,

I dreamed that all my soul's desire was
mine,

From the rare flower of classic ground,
To mysteries within the starry line.

O radiantly the light of fancy fell,
As from some far off heavenly beam,
Till bathed in the glory of joy supreme,

And inspiration of the magic spell,
Gleamed pictures in the loveliness of a
dream.

Methought the mavis and the lark I
heard,

With Philomel who waits the evening's
shade,

To pour his rhapsodies from the glade,
And that many another heavenly bird
From far off leafy choirs my wish obeyed.

Yea ! the unattainable seemed anear !
And like the healing of divine despair,
Celestial music drifted on the air,
Now far and faint, now ringing sweet
and clear,
Till earth seemed heaven's own bliss to share.

And wings of aspiration cleft the sky,
Gilding life's duskiest clouds with light,
Till from the illuminating height,
Was born the song which forever shall
not die,
With wings immortal for its flight.

These are but touches of the power that
drew
My spirit on and on, through farthest space,
Clothing it with transcendent grace,
Till heaven and earth seemed born anew,
And fulfillment with desire kept pace.

O power divine ! O joy intensified !
Outward and upward lifting far away
The soul from its imprisonment of clay ;—
High hopes take form and color with thy
tide,
And love more dear than life hath endless
day !

A GIFT OF CHRISTMAS ROSES



SWEETNESS stealing on the
air

Of roses in my pathway
strewn,

A fragrance subtle, rich and rare,

Like flower breaths from the heart of
June.

A flush like dawn in morning skies,

When birds sing sweet their songs of
May,

A joy so bright it glorifies

The tempest in its wild affray.

Sweet thoughts the delicate petals hold,

Sweet hopes gold-tinted in life's gray,

Sweet dreams of beauty which unfold

The glory of the Christmas Day!

DEATH



DEATH, thou art a cruel thing !
Life's stern and unrelenting
foe,
Yet even thou, an angel's wing,
Hidest beneath thy cloak of woe !

SONG



WHEN the birds are coming in
springtime bright,
When the birds are coming in
airy flight,
My heart is thrilled with a sweet delight,
No more remembering winter's night.

When the birds are singing their golden
lays,
When the birds are singing soft their praise,
When they waft their songs the long sweet
days,
With rapturous joy my heart I raise.

When the birds are silent and cease their
cheer,
When the birds are silent I drop a tear,
For then I know the autumn is near,
When leaf and flower are faded and sere.

When the leaves are falling and scattered lie,
When the leaves are falling I heave a sigh,
For the sweet birds then for the southland
fly,
And with tender sorrow I say goodbye!

AUTUMN



N empty nest, a cold gray sky,
Leaves falling fast, and faster
still ;
One lone bird on a tree top high,
And deepening shadows on the hill.

Brown grasses o'er the fields of green,
From which the chirp of crickets rise,
White frosty day dawns, sharp and keen,
And trembling wind-harps in the skies.

Chill autumn, with her icy hand,
Sweeps ruthless over field and wood,
Grass, flower and tree, at her command,
Stand now a silent, stricken brood.

But yet beyond the sheeted snow,
And winds and storms of winter stern,
Again the violets shall blow,
And Nature wake to spring's return.

LOSS



ONCE a fair angel from the skies,
Clothed in raiment white as
snow,

Left the heavenly paradise,
And downward flew to earth below ;
And in his hand he bore a cross
With the one word upon it, " Loss."

But on the reverse side was writ
In characters of strange device—
For him who could decipher it—
" In loss God doth his love disguise,
The soul that trustful is in pain,
Within its grieving findeth gain."

Swiftly on his mission sped,
The white-robed angel of the air,
Touched a pure heart which oft had bled
With crosses heaven bade it wear,—
Alas ! the spirit rent and torn,
O'erlooked the message to it borne.

Yet sweetly, after, fell the grace
For reading of the mystic lines,
And lo ! heaven's glory in their place,

And peace which only faith e'er finds.
O well for the heart when it doth bleed,
With reversed side its cross to read !

A NOVEMBER DANDELION



NOT in the milder days of spring,
Was given thee thy blossoming!
When other flowerets bloomed
in May,

To find thy gold in Nature's gray,
Patient thou didst wait alone,
Till flowers had faded and birds had flown.

Methinks no flower of all thy race,
Was clothed upon with rarer grace.
As some lost jewel in the night,
Amid the darkness shines more bright,
So shinest thou, where all is dull,
A starry ray most beautiful.

Surely thy little life may teach
Lessons the human heart to reach,—
That while other lives bloom full and fair,
And sterile seems our own and bare,
From the soil of patience late may spring,
A flower of golden blossoming !

I DREAMED, OR WAS IT LEGEND
OLD



DREAMED, or was it legend
old,

That in the self same hour,
When heaven receives into its
fold

A tiny human flower,—

An angel, from the heavenly height,
On shining, silent wing,
Weeps softest tears which clothe in white
The violet pale of spring.

Pure as an infant's dying breath,
Or tears in mothers' eyes,
Of the spirit flowers it whispereth,
Which blossom in His skies !

IN THE WORLD—SHUT IN



Up and down, to and fro,
 Everywhere the workers go;
 Toilers in the world's broad
 field,

Work emblazoned on their shield,
 Forward pressing, high and low.

Back and forth, restless feet
 Tramp, tramp in cold and heat,—
 Hearts grown eager for the time,
 Throbbing to the moments' chime,
 Pause not, rest not, work is sweet !

* * * * *

Halting pace in the race,
 Like a prisoned bird to face
 Dawn of day and dark of night,
 Ever powerless for flight,
 Pinioned in a corner's space.

Restless heart, restless brain,
 Life's harp touched to minor strain,
 Hopes that mount, and thoughts that fly
 With the toilers passing by,
 Spirit victories over pain !

IN WINTER



ONE are all the songs of summer,
Silent now the leafless choirs,
And no more the drowsy mur-
mur
Of the bee my thought inspires.

Gone are all the beauteous blossoms,
Which exhaled so sweet a breath,
One scarce would think such dainty bowers
Could e'er feel the touch of death.

Yet somewhere flowers are ever blooming,
Lending sweetness none may see ;
Somewhere glad-voiced birds are singing,
Singing, winging, glad and free !

Do the breezes from the southland,
Sometimes catch a strain of song,
Bear it upward to the northland,
Where our hearts are waiting long ?

Do the winds from climes more sunny,
Sometimes touch with gentle wand,
Some frail blossom of the tropics,
And wing its fragrance to our land ?

And is it thus those joyous seasons,
Which wrap the soul with sudden light,
Bringing pictures of the summer
Into the heart of winter white?

Or is it that a fairy spirit
Lingers still of summer flown?
That they seem so strangely near us,
Bird and blossom still our own !

A PEACEFUL LIFE



SEEK not to flee the place God
placed thee in,
For where He wills is the true
place for thee,
If thou hadst thine own choice thou couldst
not win
A spot all restful where no rough winds be.

Live thou thy life ; with patience sweeten it,
Make rich the lives of others in thy walk,
Strengthen thy soul with words of Holy
Writ,
And season with sweet charity thy talk.

Above the earth incline thy thought to soar,
In places heavenly sweet to find its
strength,
Thy mind instruct in wisdom more and
more,
So shalt thou have a peaceful life at
length.

THE LOWLIEST FLOWER



THE lowliest flower that droops
to mother earth,
The merest weed that sun-
ward lifts its face,
If closely studied with a loving eye,
Seems clothed with harmony and grace.

Yea, the poet and the artist soul it waits
To set its long imprisoned beauty free,
To touch with mystic light each leafy fold,
And picture what others fail to see.

Go forth and study well the exquisite tints,
With which Nature crowns the humblest
flower,
And like a revelation glad and sweet,
Its loveliness shall bless the hour !

A SONG OF TRUST



FATHER of mercy, Father of
light,
Out of life's mystery, out of
its night,
Out of its anguish, its pain and its loss,
Out of the shadow which foldeth the cross,
Out of the grief no human love heeds,
Out of love's depths and infinite needs,—
God of the darkness, God of the gray,
Peacefully trusting Thee, trusting alway !

Father of mercy, Father of light,
Out of life's victory, out of its might,
Out of the sunshine drifting its gold,
Out of the quiet the spirit doth fold,
Out of the hope which sings like a bird,
Out of the joy too sweet for a word,
God of bestowing, God of the May,
Gratefully praising Thee, praising alway !

ALONE



OW lonely is her life?

As lonely as the little flower I
saw

Afar upon the heights but yester-
morn.

All round it was the forest's circling zone,
Above it the dark pine's surging moan ;
And though it bloomed without or speck or
flaw,

Lovely and bright, it was a thing forlorn,
Where no other flower face shone !

WEAVE THEM TOGETHER



WEAVE them in your heart to-
gether,
Thoughts the sweetest all the
day,
Wait not for the pleasant weather,
But weave the gold in with the gray,
A thought no weightier than a feather
May let the light in on your way.

'Tis not alone the sunlit hours,
Which crown the soul with truest gain,
'Tis not when blessings fall in showers
The heart may sing its sweetest strain;
Ah, no, there are no fairer flowers,
Than those which blossom in the rain !

PAIN



WHEN pain doth press upon life's
chords,
Sometimes the soul hath rich
rewards.

'Tis not when it hath most of
ease,—

Following the world and its decrees,—
It wins enduring forms of growth.
Ah, no! it must be rid of sloth,
And the clogging rust which hath crept on,
Through days too easeful past and gone.

Pain with a chisel keen and fine,
Sculptures more fair the inner shrine.
The soul it fashions and recreates,
And lifts it of its earthlier weights,
Till, roused from pleasure's luring sleep,
New aspirations o'er it sweep,
And where only forms of earth had been,
Carveth an angel deep within !

MALICE



LOW, ye wintry winds, O, blow
Ye tempests wild and strong!
Ye have not so keen a smart,
As the wounds which pierce the
heart

From the winds of wrong.
Ye sweep harmless as ye go,
But the winds of malice sow
Far abroad the subtle seeds
Of a thousand stinging weeds,
Which bear the fruit of woe !

LITTLE FRIEND IN FEATHERS



LITTLE friend in feathers dressed!

With questions oft my heart is
pressed,As wisdom not of man or books
From thy gentle eye outlooks!

Wondrous deeps I trace therein,
Intelligence I may not win,
A hint of ages distant, past,
Or of the future dim, forecast.

Yet though strange lights within thine eyes
Flash out at times some swift surprise,
And all thy winsome life doth lend
Grace to my own, and with it blend,—

And I do love thee, sweet bird, well,
And almost thy mysteries spell,
Yet something vague still lies between
Thy life and mine, obscure, unseen.

O little known to human kind
The workings of thy delicate mind!
And thou'rt as much a stranger to
Our life, and what we think and do.

But when the centuries creeping on,
Shall usher in the Golden Dawn,
Perhaps 'twill be given us to see
What to the other each may be !

HARK THE ANGELS' SONG



BEAUTIFUL and bright,

In robes of purest light,

Behold Him come !

From heavenly mansions high,

From thrones beyond the sky,

To earthly deserts dry

To make His home.

To heal the sons of men,

And give them life again,

More freely give ;

To list earth's sad refrain,

To cleanse it of its stain,

To bear the cross of pain

He came to live.

Hark, hark the angels' song,

Trembling the skies along

At that glad hour !

List, list the harpings sweet,

Which o'er and o'er repeat,

Till earth and heaven meet

I wondrous power !

Lo, on the midnight air,
Adown the shining stair
Of starry light,
With the glad peace it brings,
Born on the centuries' wings,
The song forever sings
Amid earth's night !

TAKE HEART, SWEET SOUL !



AS the spring birds return once
more,
Take heart, sweet soul, for win-
ter's o'er,
And April swingeth wide her door !

As the flowers once more awake,
Look up, sweet soul, and courage take !
Lo ! now the shadows for thee break !

As groweth green the grass and trees,
Be glad, sweet soul, and take thine ease,
For see ; the May thy spirit frees !

As earth laughs out in sun and showers,
Rejoice, sweet soul, for now the hours
Come laden from wood-scented bowers !

Thy days of sorrow now have end ;
Behold, sweet soul, how love doth send
The summer once more for thy friend !

No more remember winter long,
But haste, sweet soul, with new, glad song,
In heart renewed, and courage strong !

ONLY A LITTLE BROWN SPARROW



T was only a little brown sparrow,
Singing his old time lay,
Familiar as blossoming flowers,
Or the fading light of the day.

Yet it echoed along the heart chords,
Folded in mists of rain,
Like the voice of a tender spirit,
That would soothe and soften the pain.

And it lingered and gave me courage,
After the day was done,
A prayer in the midnight silence,
A praise with the morning sun.

Alas, that the little musician,
Cheery and happy and glad,
Knew not that his song gave comfort
To a spirit weary and sad !

Ah, many a time the singer,
Winging his happy flight,
Knows not his song lifts the spirit
Into the sunshine and light !

THE OLD DAYS, THE SWEET DAYS



WHEN in the twilight lone I sit,
And the shades of night steal
on,
Dear memories sometimes softly
flit

Of the years and days bygone.
The old days, the sweet days when life was
in its youth,
Before Time's slow revealing of mingled
joy and ruth.

O full of promises most sweet
Lay the future's misty way,
Luring the willing, untried feet
From home and youth to stray.
The old days, the sweet days when life was
in its youth,
Before Time's slow revealing of mingled
joy and ruth.

Not then were seen those far off peaks,
Which like barriers arise,
What time high aspiration seeks
Life's highest, purest prize,

In those days, the sweet days when life was
in its youth,
Before Time's slow revealing of mingled
joy and ruth.

O sad and sweet it is to muse,
Sometimes e'en though in tears,
Amid the fastly falling dews
Of life's fuller, deeper years,
Of the old days, the sweet days when life
was in its youth,
Before Time's slow revealing of mingled
joy and ruth.

O LIFT MY THOUGHT WHERE
ANGELS DWELL



LIFT my thought where angels
dwell,
And give me faith's pure wings
of flight ;

Let me hear, like some sweet bell,
The song which triumphs o'er the night.

O lift my thought where angels dwell,
And clothe me in their garments white ;
Each tumult and temptation quell,
And strength vouchsafe to win the fight.

O lift my thought where angels dwell,
And give my vision clearer sight
To see He doeth all things well—
That behind the shadow hides the light.

O lift my thought where angels dwell,
Above earth's cankering care and blight,
And every mist and doubt dispel,
And crown the soul with strength and
might.

O lift my thought where angels dwell,
And guide this erring life aright,
Till it be lost beyond the swell
Of earthly tides, on heaven's height !

FILL THE MOMENTS

"I am to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any good that I can do, let me do it now."



FILL the moments one by one,
With good deeds well and wisely done.
What thou canst of good to-day
Do it, and 'twill live for aye.
Time's sickle mows the minutes down,
Weave of them a golden crown.
Bear in thy breast the bloom of youth,
And in thy hand the staff of truth.
Enwreath thy brow in flowers of hope,
And souls in grief to thee shall ope.
The dew of love wear in thy heart,
And to erring ones thy strength impart.
On mercy's errands speed thy feet,
Glad each call for help to meet.
With words of cheer thy speech employ,
And others give the oil of joy.
Be noble, give thou generously,
And life shall ne'er unfruitful be.

A REVERIE



HE twilight falls
O'er silent walls,
And old familiar places ;
While sad and late
I sit and wait
For dear remembered faces.

Through tender dreams,
And misty gleams,
The spirit yearns to fold them ;
But vapors rise
Athwart the skies,
Alas ! Love may not hold them.

O one by one,
Beyond the sun,
Beyond the shadows lonely ;
Out of life's day
They passed away,
And left a memory only.

The violet blows,
And sweet the rose,
The bird hath still its singing ;

In beauty all
The seasons fall,
Their joy and sweetness winging.

Yet nevermore,
Dear as before,
The heart of nature's gladness ;
For still, O, still,
There creeps a chill,
The shadow of life's sadness !

TO THE WINDFLOWER



AFTER the frost and winter's
rime,
What teaches thee, sweet flow-
er, the time,
When from the darkness thou shouldst
climb?

What gives thee hope there in the gloom,
And faith to rise from out the tomb,
What woos thee into bud and bloom?

Is it of heaven some whispered breeze,
Wandering through the wind-harp trees,
That thy long fettered spirit frees?

A Power above must o'er thee brood,
When tempests, which thou hast withstood,
Uproot the giants of the wood.

O flower that doth the storms outide,
What strength doth e'en thy frailty hide,
And what high lessons for man's pride !

“BEAUTY FOR ASHES”



HERE be who from life's broken
lyre,
Long, long unstrung,
Strike tenderer chords and
higher,
Than joy hath rung.

There be who of the fettering pain,
Which binds them fast,
Fashion an ever brightening chain
Of gems that last.

Who pluck from ashes of dead hopes
One glowing coal,
Which amid the gloomings where it gropes,
Enlights the soul !

MY KING



He dwelleth not in royal halls,
No earthly sceptre wieldeth he,
Upon his brow there lies no
crown

In token of high majesty,—
And yet, and yet 'tis true, I ween,
That grandly royal is his mien !

No kingdom rules he far and broad,
No subjects tremble at his power,
No far off height of grandeur his,
And worldly wealth is not his dower,—
Yet, set with many a precious gem,
He wears a kingly diadem !

Far hidden in the spirit's depths,
And royal chambers of the mind,
Lies the dominion that he rules,
And noble deeds therein are shrined,—
And love alone doth tribute pay,
And own his sovereignty away !

UPWARD



S oft the woods with music ring
Through tender teardrops of
the May,
So through falling tears the
heart may sing,
As, looking upward day by day,
It learns to find a hint of spring
Hidden behind the cloudy gray ;
And gaining strength for higher wing
Beholds at last a heavenly ray,
Which helps it from above to fling
A song across the shadowy way !

SWEETLY A LINNET SANG AND
LONG

WEETLY a Linnet sang and
long,
His rippling ecstasy of song,
'Till skies of gray shone radiant
blue,
With glints of shining gold shot through.

“ O what is the magic of thy lay,
Sweet bird,” I said, for it was May,
And other minstrels, too, were there
With sweet songs thrilling all the air.

“ As if sorrow were forever dead
Is the gladness of thy song,” I said,
“ And like music of a silvery stream,
Or memory of a golden dream,—

It wooes my spirit till it thrills
With rapture, and are soothed its ills.”
As thus within my heart I spake,
His song seemed me to answer make.

“ I am an echo of the spring,
It is for love my song I sing,

I warble it from my tiny breast,
When hovering o'er my dainty nest.

My ripples ring when skies are blue,
When skies grow dark my song is true,
For love and music blend in one,
When day begins, when day is done."

And so in music's speech he said,
Or so I it interpreted,
And pondered much the rhythmic word,
When no more the song I heard.

Ah, if love with us were never cold,
E'en sombrous hours were tinged with
gold,
If love and song as sweetly blent,
Light to the darkest day were lent !

COMPENSATION



OUR failure may be gain;
Some wisdom gathered up,
Some patience in life's cup,
Drawn from the stress of pain.

Our loss may be a wing,
To urge the spirit's flight
Into the realms of light,
Where God's own angels sing.

Our thorns may bloom to flowers ;
Some sorrow we have worn,
Some cross with meekness borne,
Blossom in heavenly bowers.

Our tears may jewels be,
Set in a crown of love,
In that pure realm above
To shine eternally !

AT THE SET OF THE SUN



T the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web ;
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb.

As we near the goal,
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount ;
With what soothing³ thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we count ?

Not the flame of the sword,
Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth ;—
Not the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth.

Nor the gain we achieved
Through hearts we have grieved,
And left unhelped by the way ;

Nor the laurel of fame,
When for worldly acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray.

O not with these lies
The peace of His skies,
When life sinks low in the west ;
But in the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blest.

And the love we have won,
And the love beckoning on
From His islands far and dim ;
Love out of the light,
Shining into the night,
The night which leadeth to Him.

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